

LIKE VAST MACHINE

One Word Set in Motion the
Procession of 60,000
Men.

Scenes Along the Line—Word Pictures
of Men Who Took Part and of
Those Who Looked On.

MADISON Square looked like a great
posy bed of flags and badges and
gay handkerchiefs and Spring bon-
nets, swept by the blustering April winds.
All the morning the bugle had been sound-
ing and bands playing, and crowds had
been pouring into the open. At 10 o'clock
they were packed in close behind the police
lines.

Over the pallid asphalt mounted digu-
larities reined their restive horses, while
the multitude stared in awe and admira-
tion at all the gold lace and glory. Far
along the cross streets leading to the
Square the lines of waiting troops in pa-
rade day splendor trailed away like tenta-
cles.

In the daylight gloom of the arena of
Madison Square Garden at 9 o'clock a great
company of soldier men had gathered.
Generals and colonels and the lesser lights
of the great army of peace, who had left
their horses there for the night, in Buffalo
Bill's corral. There, too, were many who
had no horses, and had come to obtain
mounts, by the courtesy of Colonel Cody,
from among the fleet and seasoned ani-
mals used in the Wild West Show. Fifty
horses were thus provided, and one after
another the warriors rode away to join
their brigades.

A trooper from Brooklyn, Chief Artificer
May, of Troop C, Second Brigade, came to
General Dodge's headquarters just before
the parade started, to find where his
brigade was. His horse had broken his
curb while his brigade was escorting the
Mayor at Broadway and Astor Place, and
May had been compelled to throw him
down. The horse was hurt and had to be
taken to a stable near by. The trooper
wanted to make arrangements for another
horse. Colonel Cody tried to get one from
his circus, but found that all the available
saddle horses had been given out. The
trooper had to ride in the brigade ambu-
lance.

When the clock struck 10 only Colonel
Cody and General Granville M. Dodge re-
mained sitting astride their horses in the
middle of the arena, two splendid types of
the genus of what Felix Adler calls "Dem-
ocratic war."

Colonel Cody's Fine Mount.

Colonel Cody rode the chestnut horse
which General Miles gave him. One old-
timer looked with envious eyes at the
beautiful beast, and then said laconically:
"I'd give \$10 to sit astride that animal for
five minutes. The bridle the chestnut wore
was given to Buffalo Bill by the Prince of
Wales. It is all studded with tiny shells.
There is not its like in America."

General Dodge wore a dark blue uniform
with heavy gold epaulettes and gold gash.
His headgear was covered with gold braid.
He rode a dark chestnut charger loaned to
him by the great border man.

The crowd outside the Garden cheered
bravely when General Dodge and Buffalo
Bill wheeled out of Twenty-seventh street
and swung down Madison avenue to the
mustered police.

Already a dozen or more of the Grand
Marshal's staff and special aides had col-
lected there, with General Wesley A. Mer-
ritt, commanding the grand military divi-
sion, and the gayly decked and bemad-
dled men who rode in his train.

Riding to and fro in the cleared space on
the east side of the Square, were Colonel
A. Noel Blakeman, chief of the Grand Mar-
shal's staff, and Colonel Henry C. Corbin,
Adjutant-General Colby C. Chester, Fleet
Captain John A. Johnson, Assistant Adju-
tant-General William Cary Sanger, In-
spector-General James Allen, Chief Signal
Officer Captain E. E. Horton, General T.
F. Rodenbough, General Nicholas W. Day,
General C. H. T. Collis, Colonel Charles N.
Swift, John P. Faure, Lieutenant A. F.
Lillenthal, Edward Rascover. There was
gray and warlike James Shaugner, the
bugler, who thirty-three years ago yester-
day rode with General Rodenbough at Win-
chester.

Another Figure of War.

Another grim figure of war was Sergeant
Walton, of Company A, First New York
Mounted Rifles clad in the self-same faded
suit of blue he wore when, in the early
sixties, he rode by Grant in the Army of
the Tennessee. The same old slouch hat
shaded his sharp eyes, and the same war-
worn guidon flapped above his head that
the soldiers followed through shot and shell
in the hot hours of Chancellorsville and
Mission Ridge.

Over the stone parapets of Madison
Square Garden's high balconies, the red-
blanketed and befuddled Indians of the
Wild West leaned, and with stoic faces
looked upon the martial pomp of the pa-
rades and the thousands of Great Father
McKibben's patriotic children who peopled
the park and the sidewalks and house
stoops far as even their sharp aboriginal
eyes could see. In their framing of stucco
arches these sons of a waning race
made gay pictures such as one sees in the
sun-baked pueblos of old Mexico.

In Twenty-fourth street, facing the
square, rested a corps of cadets from West
Point, straight and soldierly in their uni-
forms of gray. Behind them a battery
of United States Engineers, infantry and
foot artillery. In Twenty-fifth street the
light artillerymen lay, lounging about their
business-like looking guns, and in Twenty-
sixth street, their horses backed up to the
curb under the shadow of the Garden. The
lean, bronzed and hard faced men of the
regular cavalry smoked cigarettes, and with
yellow plumes waving and sabres clanking
about their heels waited the hour of start-
ing with the same reluctance that distin-
guishes a drug clerk tending store in the
evening. They talked about everything
but the parade. It was no amateur dra-
matic performance for them. Horses and
men alike, they looked rather bored than
otherwise at all the flutter and fustion.

The Naval Brigade.

Opposite them, in Twenty-sixth street, at
the northeast corner of the square, Captain
J. H. Sands, of the cruiser Columbia, stood
at the head of the Naval Brigade, many of
ficers grouped about him, and a cohort of
sea dogs at his back, the very perfect, com-
mandingly tall and martially gray bearded
naval commander.

Up at Twenty-seventh street a squad of
police had mounted their barbed steeds and

at intervals charged the invading populace,
in laudable effort to keep clear the line of
march. At the doors of the Garden Band-
master Prosser was stationed, with his Gar-
ner's Island band. Far up Madison ave-
nue expectant thousands waited and the
tall buildings were fairly hidden in clouds
of patriotic bunting.

There was a clatter of hoofs on the
asphalt down the avenue. An orderly gal-
loped up and spoke a word to General
Dodge. The President had started from the
Fifth Avenue. The veteran nodded in ac-
quiescence. His sword flashed in air with
a swift gesture of command.

"Forward! March!" he cried.

The Marching Began.

Then the hoofs began pattering and far
down the line echoed the mandate. People
who had watches looked at them. It was
half-past 10 to the minute. Back down the
line the plumes were nodding, and up at the
fore the burly policemen had left the chas-
ing of citizens and were moving forward in
a blue and beautiful line, while the servant
maids in top floor windows made signals of
admiration to them in a wig-wag which is
not set down in the books of military and

mischievous eyes as the procession swept
by.

Governor Black's Command.

At Twenty-seventh street Governor Black
and his staff and escort joined the line, and
out of Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, and
Thirtieth streets, east and west, came the
militia, New York and Brooklyn regiments,
the Seventh following the Ninth. At Thirty-
first street the artillery fell into line, at
Thirty-second the Naval Militia, whom the
sea-wise people of the navy smile at. The
head of the Third Division, consisting of
militia of several states and commanded
by General D. H. Hastings, Governor of
Pennsylvania, was in Thirty-second street.
From that point up to Thirty-eighth street
every cross street had the National Guards-
men to contribute to the great procession.

West Sixtieth street held the uniformed,
armed and equipped cadets. In streets
from Sixty-first to Sixty-fifth the veterans,
under General O. O. Howard, joined the
line. Then came the Independent brigades,
under General John Hayes and W. W.
Henry. From Sixty-sixth to Seventy-first
the grand civic division was drawn up. The
national societies and trade associations
made up the vanguard of the mighty line,
which General Dodge said comprised, by
his reckoning, 60,000 men.

General Merritt estimated the entire
number in line at 58,000.

With General Dodge.

Having seen how this parade got its
start, let the reader now imagine him-
self riding at the head of the procession along
with General Dodge, Chief Joseph, Buffalo
Bill and the rest. What follows will tell
of scenes on the way.

Chief Joseph, by the way, was the



Kenzie



Kenzie

"Be Gobl It Bates St. Patrick's Day."

naval instruction. The Governor's Island
band was playing. Banners and handker-
chiefs far up the avenue were fluttering
wildly, and the distant thunder of hoarse
cheering rode on the wintry wind.

The great procession was under way, and
as General Dodge and his men moved off
in the van the brigades deployed from the
cross streets like contributory streams, and
joined in the splendid river of gold lace
and valor of clattering steel, flowing so
proudly between the living shores that
hemmed it in.

From Twenty-fourth street the cadets
came, with the bronzed men at their heels,
and after them the rattling field pieces of
the Eighth Infantry and the sinewy cav-
alry, like men of metal, forged to their
fearless trade in the hot fires of border
war.

Sailors in Line.

Brown skinned, too, and hardy, with
bare throats and square jaws which in
many instances, unlike poets, are made,
not born, the sailors wheeled into the
line, and as the people up the avenue
caught sight of the white square in the
centre of the signal flags, a shout went
up which told how safe it is for Congress
to spend the people's money on a navy.

The Marine Band under Francell.
Sousa's successor, was playing the
brand new march of "Appomattox," and
the people along the curbstones were
marking time as they waved their civilian
hats at the bravery of Uncle Sam.
New York, Massachusetts, Amphilitre,
Texas—one after another they came along,
but the shout that greeted the Indiana's
company was loudest of them all. Cam-
eras, mounted in balconies and front
windows, clicked merrily and winked their

The first enthusiastic applause for the
soldiers came from the Barnard College
girls, in the Columbia College building.
They saluted General Dodge and com-
pelled him to doff his hat and bow for the
first time. They gave Chief Joseph a
hearty welcome, but the cadets in gray
from West Point, who were only a short
distance in the rear, got the best of their
applause.

Chief Joseph and "Buffalo Bill" got the
most of the applause. General Dodge
got occasional cheering, his name being
heard plainly in it.

At the request of Hermann Oelrichs, the
bands in the parade and all the drum
music was hushed as they passed the house
of Theodore A. Havemeyer, on Madison
avenue, near Thirty-eighth street.

At the turn at Fifty-fourth street and
Madison avenue the crowd of spectators
began to assume interesting proportions.
Below this point the curbs had been po-
liced with an average of five men on each
side to the blocks. Here they were placed
at a distance of about fifteen feet apart.

At the Big Circle.

At the Circle, at Fifty-ninth street and
Eighth avenue, was gathered one of the

gled for them, and the girls became so
weak with laughter that many of the tooth-
some missiles fell short and hit civilians.
In the back of the neck. A similar scene
occurred at the Hotel Savoy, where some
Pennsylvania troops were laughingly hom-
barded. A box of sandwiches hit a police-
man on the shoulder, and a loaf of bread
knocked off a lady's hat.

Along the southern side of Central Park
the hills and rocks were crowded.
Five minutes were taken for rest as the
head of the column reached the Circle.
Then the parade started again on its way
up the Boulevard.

Veterans Salute.

The veteran grand division was lined up
along the west drive of the Boulevard from
the Circle to Seventy-second street. An
interchange of salutes was made as the
head of the column passed each division.

General O. O. Howard, with his staff, re-
ceived the marching salute at Seventieth
street. General Dodge drew his sword,
raised it and saluted the retired Com-
mander of the Department of the East.
General Howard lifted his hat.

He lifted his hat also to Chief Joseph
and smiled as he bowed. May be it is the
old chief's way, but he only looked at him
and smiled for a moment. Then he looked
directly forward again, and one would
never have thought that the Indian and
the old General had chanced each other
over the plains for months, each doing his
best to outgeneral the other, and that it
finally ended in a draw.

When the Vermont division, headed by
Governor Josiah Grout, reached Sixty-
fourth street, there was a sudden mix-up.
A horse belonging to one of the aides be-
came frightened and dashed against the
mount of the Governor. The latter was un-
seated and in the general confusion which
followed General T. S. Peck and Colonel
John C. Clark were also unseated. No one
was injured, and after a block of ten min-
utes and considerable excitement the line
moved on.

Seventy-second street was the most bril-
liant in the matter of decoration. Every
house was hung with a profusion of flags.
At No. 244 West Seventy-second street
three large Cuban flags hung with the
American.

Crowds Were Thick.

The crowds along the line of march be-
low did not compare with the continuous
crowds on both sides of the Drive along
Riverside Park. Looking north from the
top of the hills the Drive was only a yel-
low line in a ribbon of black. Mount Tom,
at Eightieth street, was so completely cov-
ered that only here and there a raved
rock was showing. There were thousands
of persons along the Drive, but for some
reason the immense grand stands along the
east side were not filled. A dollar grand
stand at Seventy-eighth street was only
half filled. At Eightieth street there were

two stands, in which every seat appeared
to be taken. Right alongside were two
other stands, in which barely a third were
filled. As the head of the procession passed
another a little further up there was a
crowd pouring into it as if the owner had
just brought his price of seats down to a
bargain figure.

At Eighty-fifth street the second rest was
taken. It was now 11:55 and the column
was ahead of schedule time. At 12 the
troops were put in motion again.

The largest number of spectators massed
at one point, apparently, was at Ninety-
fourth street, along both sides of the Drive.
Here the slope of the hills was such that
a view of the parade could be got by any
person anywhere in a big crowd.

Ready for Review.

The head of the column halted in front of
the Grant monument at 12:32. Three mili-
tary aids were sent forward, to as-
certain if all were in readiness for the
parade to pass the President's reviewing
stand. They found the President at lunch-
con, and a wait of nearly fifteen minutes
followed before their return with a report.
In the meantime the civilian members of
the General's staff amused themselves by
spending their horses along the bridge path
at the side of the drive.

The column got in motion again when
the President had been escorted to his
reviewing stand. As the head of the pa-
rade passed the western steps of the tomb
a signal officer on the grand stand sig-
nalled vigorously away to the flagship
New York, and in a moment came the
salute of twenty-one guns.

After the rounding of Claremont Circle
the Governor's Island band, whose privi-
lege alone it was, started to play "Hail
to the Chief." General Dodge saluted the
President. Chief Joseph did not seem to
notice the "Great Father" at all.

At 1:15 the column reached One Hundred
and Seventeenth street and the Boulevard.
General Dodge and his chief of staff and
color bearers turned into the connecting bit
of pavement between the two sides of the
Boulevard to review the troops. His staff,
confined to One Hundred and Sixteenth
street, swung about and came up the west
drive of the Boulevard, forming a line be-
hind the General.

Chief Joseph Dismounts.

Chief Joseph dismounted, with his inter-
preter, and walked over to his seat in the
grand stand, opposite the President's re-
viewing stand, to see the parade.

All along the way he had received more
applause than any other person or company
of persons in the front of the column. He
enjoyed it for there was a look of childish
pleasure on his face continually. He ap-
peared to be a little shy and he would not
change the expression of his face when he
was cheered, but when he reached the end
of the march he had seen something he
never saw before, and he could not hide
the interest he took in it and the pleasure
it gave him.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromine Tablets. All drug-
stores refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.
—Advt.



Kenzie

An Uptown Window.

largest crowds along the route, and In-
spector Harley estimated it at least 50,000
people.

The head of the column had scarcely
more than passed when there was a surge
of excitement about the Columbus Monu-
ment, and there were cries for an am-
bulance. One was stationed at the Bou-
levard side of the circle, and the driver
tried to drive through the crowd to the
injured man. He could not, so he made a
detour around Ninth avenue. John Mc-
Guire had slipped from his perch on the
monument and fallen head first on a
granite step. His skull is probably frac-
tured. Another man took the place he
vacated.

Heavy wires were stretched in front of
the crowds, but in spite of this, and the
energetic work of the policemen, the crowd
surged forward irresistibly. At one time
there was almost a panic, for women
screamed as they were pressed against the
wire, and the policemen's utmost efforts
could not check the crush. One woman
was saved only by being dragged under
the wire at the moment that she was
succumbing to its cutting pressure. Then
a detail of mounted police was summoned,
and came up on a rapid trot. The crowd
had meanwhile broken the wire, but the
horsesmen riding in among them, soon had
them in check.

During one of the halts companies from
Buffalo and Tonawanda were standing op-
posite some high stands at Sixty-sixth street,
and the men were so good looking, and the
girls on the stand were so many, that the
air was shortly filled with showers of
oranges, bananas, sandwiches and pieces
of cake. The soldiers jumped and strug-

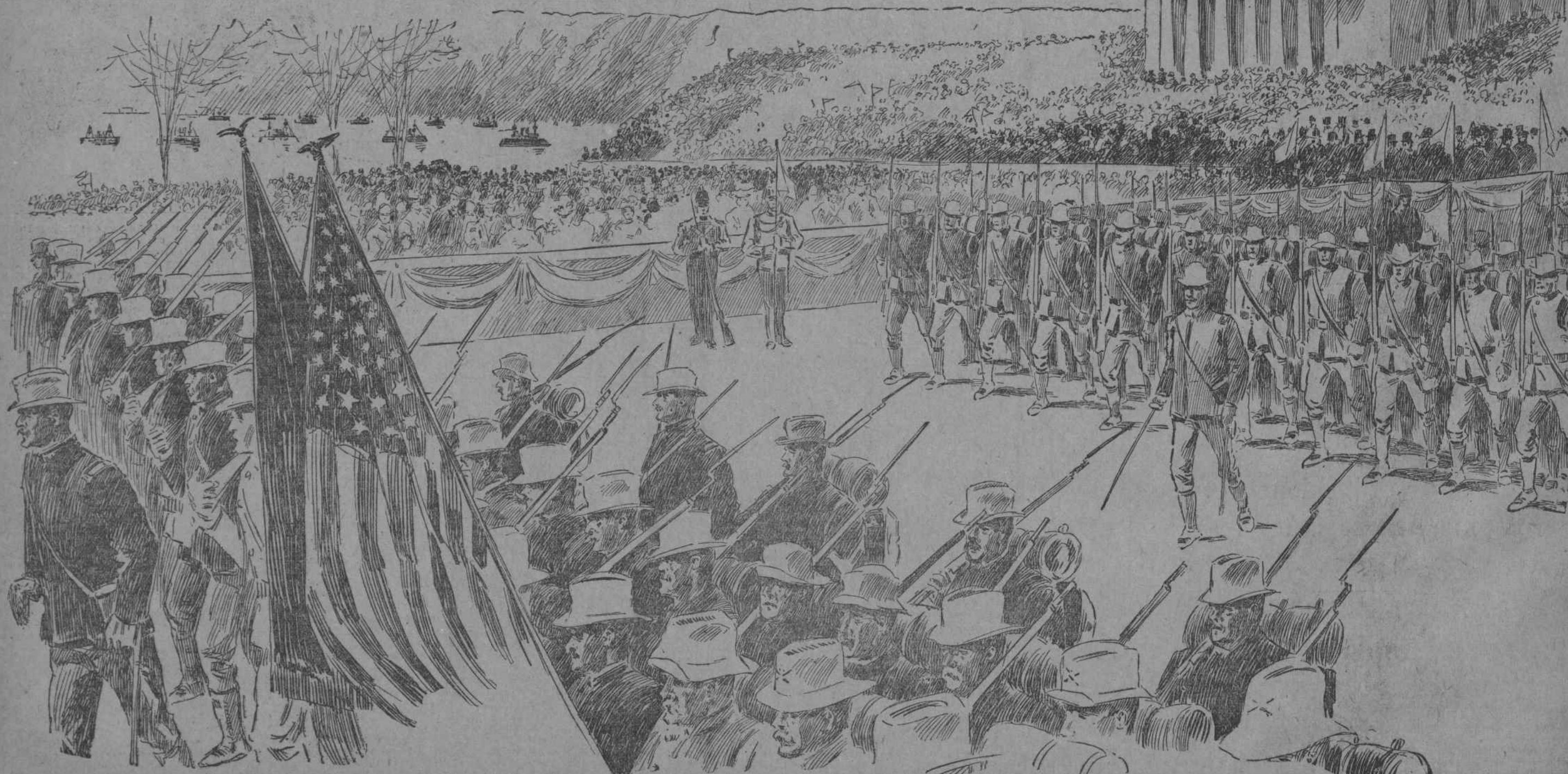
An Ex-Confederate at the Tomb.

unique figure of the parade. An electric
hansom came down Madison avenue and
passed within ten feet of the Indian. The
Chief's pony seemed to be a bit nervous,
but the Chief only tightened his rein a bit
and the animal stood quiet. Joseph gave
the vehicle one glance and then continued
to look straight in front of him. The
Slovak interpreter said that the Chief had
never seen such a thing before.

The advantage of the long line of march
was shown in the distribution of the
crowds of sightseers along its whole
length. It is probable that fully twice as
many persons saw yesterday's parade as
were able to see the Columbus parade in
1892. There were jams at various points
along the route, but in the main there was
very little crowding below Fifty-ninth
street.

Women Look On.

The windows of Madison avenue resi-
dences presented a pretty sight, filled with
women for the most part, and decorated
with a modest amount of bunting. The
windows of the Columbia College build-
ing, at Forty-ninth street, and of the
Catholic Orphan Asylum building, at Fifty-
first street, were filled with young women.



MARCHERS IN THE GRANT PARADE PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND AT THE TOMB.